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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The breakdown of the Geneva Conference on naval disarmament has been the main Press topic of the week, but the leader-writers have unanimously failed to discover any connection between the futility of the Conference and the choice of Mr. Coolidge not to stand again for the United States Presidency. Many British newspapers—and some Continental newspapers—hold the United States delegates mainly responsible; United States newspapers consider the English delegates guilty of ruining the prospects of success by adding conditions to the proposals on which general agreement might have been reached. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge has had enough of initiating negotiations which closely resemble shop-window dressing, and in which the parties are more agile to seize the cause which will justify disagreement than the olive branch. In the first place, the Conference is not a disarmament Conference in the least degree. On the one military arm against which there is no defence, namely, aeroplanes, the Conference had no reference. Secondly, the proposals deal only with peace-strengths, which at the most merely settle the temporary handicap or start with which a nation enters war. Finally, all such Conferences are places at which the mention of political realities is regarded as an offence against sentiment and good manners. The Conference broke up because national representatives could not agree whether, when they came to fight, they would blow one another up with six-pound or eight-pound guns. "Further," to complete the irony, "a declaration of mutual friendship and understanding was made" after the break-up.

* * *

While the international Conference at Geneva pledges friendship and understanding, the Bishop of London in his just published book dealing with his tour round the world, "feels extremely keen that a spirit of trust and love between the great nations of Britain and the United States may be *revived*." Needless to say, the Bishop of London did not italicise the last word, which, shall we suppose, slipped out. He notes that Canada is being Americanised by American capital—he obviously means finance—to an extent of which the innocent Britisher at home is hardly aware, since, as we know, he is hardly aware of it at home. In the Bishop's desire—which he expresses as a better nationalist than Christian—to people Canada with British stock, he has perceived that Canada's problem is not only to obtain people, but to keep them, in two senses. Why, asks the Bishop, with an impertinence that indicates what a pertinent book he could have written had he been a prophet instead of a dignitary, do the farmers of Ontario seem no better off than the farmers of England, while the young people flock over the lake to places like Ford's works at Detroit? Although the most far-reaching significance of this movement is in the fact of rural Canada contributing further to industrialise the urban United States, the immediate significance is the financial supremacy of the United States, and the financial poverty of the rest of the world.

* * *

Now that the war with Germany is over, and the Irish question settled, the Bishop pleads, there is nothing "which should prevent the two nations making an informal alliance to keep the peace of the world, and to uplift the standard of living throughout the world." In his keenness to foster the spirit of trust and love, he "frankly told Americans how irritating it is to Great Britain to be classed with Europe as if we had no more connection with America than Russia or Poland," and equally frankly tells us that "the less said about 'drawing Shylock's teeth' the better." Were it not that the Bishop's tone hints that he is more aware than he divulges explicitly of writing for children to-day the same kind of sentimental yet pessimist hope as was written for children fifteen years ago, it would be obvious that the collective hypothetical souls of Europe and America are

more conscious of their true relationships than the learned and travelled divine. On both sides of the Atlantic America is recognised as the bailiff hammering at Europe's door; and Europe as the man who starves in his house because he dare not open the door to go to work.

* * *

During the last two years Europe has been the scene of an intensive intellectual propaganda on the necessity for something very like a United States of Europe to offset economically the United States of America. Not journalists only, but social reformers and philosophers, have taken part in it. Commenting on Geneva, the special correspondent of *L'Information* regards August 4, 1927, as marking the end of the moral entente between Great Britain and the United States; and asks, without needing to wait for an answer, since he confidently expects an affirmative, "whether, under pressure of events, a new grouping will arise to oppose American hegemony, and hasten the constitution of the United States of Europe." In short, the breakdown of Geneva from obstinacy on both sides—foreseen by outsiders for several weeks—signalises the "thinkability" of an unthinkable war. Perhaps the reduction of the New York Bank-Rate on the same day was not an act of credit expansion, and therefore, under present circumstances, of international aggression, but pure coincidence.

* * *

Of what importance, however, in world events is the propaganda of European intellectuals for uniting the States of notoriously the most quarrelsome Continent in the world? Is there not daily fear of a spark between two minor countries that would set all Europe alight to prove that such a union is the day-dream of a few misguided idealists? Propaganda, however, to attain considerable proportions, requires a financial basis, and M. Desouches in a vitally important article on the "Debts Problem in its International Aspects," published in the August *English Review*, shows a finger or so of the hands behind the intellectuals. This is not an accusation of corruption or intellectual insincerity; it is merely a sign that, from multitudes of thinkers with every variety of ideas to plead and lacking only funds for convincing the world, one financial group of great European strength has chosen the few who can advocate the United States of Europe. M. Desouches not merely sets in order a number of facts and adventures, but not being, for some reason, under the bond of secrecy governing affairs of the heart, in which, as Montaigne ruled, one may tell adventures only and no names, M. Desouches cites the actual people concerned. Forces which have been ascertainable only through the application of imagination and deduction to their shadows are exhibited in limelight. If the Bishop of London will read the article he will be tempted to apologise to the United States for his irritation at being classed with Europe—from which, instead of bringing Russia forward as example, he will wonder whether to exclude Russia.

* * *

Somebody has said that the really important events of any day are not news, since they are happening every day. After detailing the formation of the European metal trusts from the Czechoslovakian steel cartel in 1924, constituted by the Austrian Rothschilds, the French Schneiders, and the German Mannesmanns, to the European Rail-makers in 1926, M. Desouches observes in italic that the *absolute mastery of the world's markets is hereafter assured* for the products of the combine. Amalgamation of the chemical and dye industries is well on the way, in charge, in their respective countries, of Herr von Simson, Sir Alfred Mond, and M. Desprêt. By the European aluminium cartel, including Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Austria, and Norway, the American industry has been paralysed, "particularly as far as interference in the French market is concerned." Finally, Dr. Bergius's process of producing synthetic petroleum is being financed on colossal scale. The American reply to this was not delivered at Geneva; it was communicated more diplomatically in the news that Mr. Edison has been commissioned to live for one thing in the world only, to wit, a manufacturable substitute for rubber.

* * *

It is not easy to go through *Who's Who* and say which financiers are in one group and which in another. Their names and pedigrees give them no flag. "Mr. Heinemann, of American nationality, but of German origin and affinities, whose interests are chiefly located in Belgium, has constituted himself promoter of a Pan-European Industrial Union, and for that purpose has secured very powerful colleagues grouped under the direction of Sir Alfred Mond in England, and M. Loucheur in France." On the array of M. Desouches's statements his summary is justified: "the policy towards which the entire economic structure of Europe is more and more inclined, in the hands of its controllers, is already beginning to be put into operation; and has been the subject of conferences, negotiations, and exchanges of views . . . even between governments: *an initiated circle alone* knows, up to now, its motive elements." Let those whose hope can be sustained only by belief in Parliamentary government, the League of Nations, open diplomacy, and the hundred other flattering illusions of public sovereignty, not lose their faith at the divulgence of a policy which every non-sentimental observer has known about for a long time. Democracy will be satisfied when necessary. "The campaigns of the British Press must be mentioned, particularly that of the Press of Lord Rothermere, the plan developed for years by Herr George Bernhardt in the *Vossiche Zeitung*, the pamphlets in France by M. Octave Homberg, the innumerable articles and treatises published in the Italian, Belgian, French, or German Press, and often inspired by financial magnates, such as, for instance, the Rothschild group." Even Conservative newspapers of the most imperial blue have lately included leaders on the broader nationalism.

* * *

So much for M. Desouches' illuminating description. Whether the organisation be sanctioned or not, its aims must be entirely revolutionised for it to be of any benefit to Europe or beyond. The objects of this intensive, obvious yet hidden work, evident in its personnel as in its explicit propaganda, imply the operation on an inter-continental scale of the same financial groupings and policies which produced almost world-wide war when operated on a mere international scale. This super-government which is moulding Europe's common policy clearly renders it a condition for any nation that does not want to be an outcast from both houses to adopt "sound finance" on a *sterling* basis. In the recent monetary history of Europe this fact is evident. In relation to any reform of the financial system this course has the same effect as extensions of the franchise on political reform; it ties more persons to be converted to the backs of the reformers. Nations will be linked by their debts, reparations agreements, and other—more personal—inter-State obligations in such a way that none will be independent enough to shape its credit system to its needs.

* * *

The second obvious aim is to mobilise the financially "sound" nations for attack on the world-market, a campaign in which the United States, year more industrialised and dependent on exports year

by year, is the obvious enemy. European imperialism—with certain complications in that Russia is not grouped with Europe—is to challenge American imperialism for the monopoly of the effective industrial consuming power of the world. What would result from such a policy if Europe and America agreed to-day to scrap every battleship, aeroplane, and gun, never to construct another, would be—other things being equal—that the continent which could best starve itself would win, if it could prevent revolution at home. What an alliance for "uplifting the standard of living of the whole world"! To the degree that America has, by a somewhat more elastic credit-policy than Europe's, rendered her home demand effective, she has actually increased her power of attack by improving her productive capacity. The whole economic foreground of the European policy, on the other hand, has been towards contracting home markets, which M. Caillaux has just lamented as the consequence of France's efforts at monetary rehabilitation, and which everybody can see in the general tendency of European consumer incomes. Europe's only strategy for attack on the world-market up to now has required a hunger-strike in Europe in defiance of Napoleon's first principle of war.

* * *

In view of the forces now manifest behind politics, it is astonishing that a man of the intelligence and demonstrated courage of Mr. H. G. Wells should continue to discuss politics with all their party and electoral implications of thirty years ago. More than once Mr. Wells has hinted his knowledge of this United States of Europe policy, and, in his prophecies of an Utopia managed by financiers and industrialists, has almost sanctioned its objects. If that is the case, he has been insufficiently educated by his party, or he would hardly reckon Mr. Philip Snowden, but for his physical disabilities, a substitute for Mr. Lloyd George as leader of the future Liberal-Labour combination "to get rid of Mr. Baldwin's Government and all its works as quickly as possible." Surely it is unnecessary to draw the attention of so wide-awake an observer to the fact that the works of Mr. Baldwin's Government began long before it was appointed; that it was Mr. Lloyd George's Government which created the anti-strike organisation, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's which preserved it; only the use of it was left to Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Mr. Churchill, the latter of whom might even have to be included in Mr. Snowden's Government if it were elected next month! Although Mr. Baldwin had a direct hand in the American debt settlement, it was not he who initiated the hungry England policy of the last seven years. True, the personnel of Government has changed, and possibly also the individual efficiency of the agents in their capacity to forward the policy of finance which, in distinction from personnel, has been *continuous* through all the Governments—so continuous, indeed, that Sir Alfred Mond, already prominent in these Notes, might have been in any of them.

* * *

The difficulty of choosing between parties at the present time is by no means simple, for the distinctions are not clear-cut, like Bolshevism versus Toryism or even tariffs versus Free Trade. It may be that Mr. Lloyd George recognises that the policy of Lord Cunliffe was too drastic, and that the Midland Bank policy would, without reforming the credit-system for the home market, at least improve it as a weapon for anti-American aggression in the world-market. Whether Mr. Snowden would replace Mr. Lloyd George on this issue is exceedingly doubtful. But the chief difference between the parties at present is that the Liberals and Labour would be likely to try enticing Russia into the European comity, thus depriving America of a possible ally in the European camp. All said and done it was these distinctions as to how the financial unity of Europe for attack on the world market under the *existing financial* system should be attained that split the Liberal Party and sent so many of its members to the Conservatives. Liberalism-cum-Labour, were it to gain a parliamentary majority before Finance has changed its mind about Russia and deflation, would have to change its own mind, for which precedents and necessity would, of course, be easily found.

* * *

A contributor to the current issue of *The Round Table*, writes with an optimism that fails to hide his mind, that "if we seek power no achievement will satisfy us so long as we are surpassed by another country"—as nobody needs to be told he has in mind the United States of America; "if, however, we seek welfare, we are concerned to see not that we do not fall short of a rival, but that we do not fall short of our own opportunities." While traversing the wilderness of British public opinion, it is a pleasure unexpected to meet a writer with an idea of the mark at which present-day Britain should aim. It is, unfortunately, an undeserved disappointment that he shows so little skill in taking aim. Instead of perceiving how England has fallen short of her opportunities while supinely watching the prosperity of 1920 turn into the depression of 1927, the writer accepts the same superstition as the host without opportunity for knowing better in regard to the causes of trade depression, which he sees as much beyond human control as the weather and the stars. That revival of trade which is only the first pre-requisite of a remedy against our present miseries will take place only "if and when credit conditions allow it to occur." That the sudden contraction of credit which set us tumbling downhill was the result of a *deliberate act* following on the considered advice of *persons*, the writer recognises; yet he is unquestioningly satisfied that the neutralising expansion of credit should be left to the sweet will and good time of impersonal "credit conditions." Whatever might emerge from a financial inquiry, it is certainly necessary, if only for education's sake.

* * *

The plight of Britain in her present economic contraction is as nearly as could be wished a perfect analogy to that of Mark Twain's fool who remained in prison for fifteen years before he tried the door—except in that Britain's fifteen years have not expired, and that there is no guarantee she will try the door when they have. After seven years *The Round Table* contributor can still write that "the most direct consequence of the war was the actual diminution of material wealth," a statement which, in so well-informed a company ought to have been nailed to the middle of the table long ago. What follows, however, modifies the assertion to such a degree that one really wonders on which side of the table the writer sits, or whether he sits all round. "The extent to which this was done was surprisingly small. The cost of the war was met by the exertions, savings, and abstinences of the people." In actual fact the cost of the war was not met, and the debt is on the books to prove who is right. Although the guns, uniforms, and tinned tomatoes consumed in the war were produced mainly by the exertions of the people, entrepreneurs, craftsmen, women, and inventors, the nominal price was credited to bankers and financiers, and only debited to the people, since when the books have not been adjusted.

* * *

The claim that the savings and abstinences of the people met the cost of the war to any extent worth counting simply cannot be substantiated. The proportion of savings accumulated by the

people, as distinct from the huge credit organisations who kept the books of the Government, is ludicrously small. The people, indeed, were accused of imitating their betters by flaunting themselves in sixty-guinea fur coats, or by purchasing a grand piano for every several room of their back-to-back houses. It was during the war that the people developed, obviously not by abstinence, the spendthrift tastes at which Mr. Lloyd George and other pastors of the work and poverty state professed themselves appalled. Productive capacity was increased to such a degree during the war that, had the proprietors of the war debt wished to be paid out at the end of it, all that industry needed was a specification of the goods in which payment was required. Material wealth is not a problem; credit and prices are such a problem that there is hardly a commodity of which the producers are not compelled to limit the output.

* * *

Every shopkeeper will acknowledge that his trouble is to avoid getting the goods; that he is the victim day in and out of queues of commercial travellers in a frenzy to dump their goods upon him. In all countries there is a growing technique for luring people into buying whether they have money or not, even debtors being preferable to non-buyers. Houses, furniture, pianos, clothes, gramophones, all the manufacturers ask is that somebody will take them, and the "tainted" insurance money of the unemployed is as acceptable as that of the employed; more so, indeed, since the unemployed are not at the moment intensifying the problem. Such is the simple though necessarily rough outline of the present trading picture. Getting the goods is child's play if credit is easy enough and incomes consequently big enough to distribute costs and to pay the price—which need demonstrably not amount to as much as cost during a period of increasing productivity.

N.

Non-Political Politics.

A short time ago it was announced that there was a private move to present Lord Oxford with a sum of money in appreciation of his public services. For some days afterwards the Conservative Press indulged in speculations as to the identity of the donors, and this led to an authoritative statement from Lord Reading, which was published on July 30. In that statement he said that a few of Lord Oxford's political admirers, "irrespective of party," decided to ask his acceptance of a gift of the above nature. "I communicated with Lord Oxford," Lord Reading proceeds, "who expressed his willingness to accept this spontaneous tribute."

"A limited number of persons were approached; all made prompt response, and expressed their gratification at the privilege accorded to them. Others had heard of the movement independently, and expressed their desire to support it.

"As names have been publicly mentioned, I give a list of those who have contributed:

"Lord Aberconway, Sir Abe Bailey, Mr. Bernhard Baron, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Cowdray, Lord Derby, Lord Devonport, Mr. H. W. Gladstone, Lord Inchcape, The Hon. Peter Larkin, Lord Lincolnshire, Sir Alfred Mond, Lord Reading, Mr. James de Rothschild, Sir John Simon, and Lord Shuttleworth."

For reasons to appear, this tribute may be linked with another which took place at about the same time, namely, a complimentary private dinner to Mr. Churchill, the object of which was to afford an occasion on which his Conservative opponents during the debate on the Super-tax provisions in the Finance Bill could, and did, assure him that their expressed hostility to his policy in Parliament implied no unfriendly feeling towards himself. Readers who recall our comments on the debate in question will be aware that there were quite as many reasons why Conservatives were likely to be privately in favour of a raid on Super-tax dodgers as there were for them to oppose it publicly. That is, however, by the way. The significance of the two episodes lies in their implicit evidence of the non-reality of Parliamentary conflicts of whatever dimensions and whether between parties or between groups in the same party.

Politics is the sport of financial kings, and politicians are their jockeys—men whose mounts are matters beyond their choice. Some, like Lord Oxford, have ridden in the same colours consistently; others, like Mr. Churchill, have taken a fancy to change colours. But it all comes to the same thing in the end: high finance owns all the horses: permanent-officialdom monopolises the training of them; and the two together decide on the meetings and the courses, and hire the riders. So now the time comes when Lord Oxford can no longer keep down his weight, it is the most natural thing in the world for him to receive a spontaneous tribute from all the interests concerned. He has never pulled a Liberal measure nor deliberately bumped a Conservative measure: he has played the game; he has preserved the prestige of the sport, and has ensured the continued confidence of an admiring electorate of layers and backers. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his admirable book, *The Party System* (which is now out of print, unfortunately), gave a detailed account of Mr. Asquith's (as he was then) chivalry at the time of the Lords' crisis and the Parliament Act. Before he would take advantage of the formal privilege to create new Liberal Peers he agreed to ride the electoral race a second time so as to make sure he had won on the first occasion. History relates, of course, that the King refused to allow him to create these Peers otherwise: but the historians of that time did not know anything about that hidden clique of Ministers who advise public Ministers what to advise the Crown. Mr. Asquith did: he had his eyes open, but loyally kept his mouth shut. And now he is invited to shut his eyes and open his mouth.

Lord Oxford and Mr. Churchill have both played the game; in their respective rôles they have acted according to the rules—spirit as well as letter—and their honours have fallen or will fall to them accordingly. Yet in real truth their justification is their condemnation. The salvation of the world depends on a radical change in the rules they obey. The sincerity of political leaders, like Nurse Cavell's concept of patriotism, is not enough. If their sincerity is not based on the widest knowledge and deepest insight, they might just as well relapse into peculation and other forms of corruption for all the good they can do to a languishing industry and society. At least the corrupt Minister does himself a bit of good, whereas the incorruptible ignoramus does nothing.

While the existing economic régime lasts all evidences of inter-political friendships, and of "non-political" adulation of politicians are so many signs of ignorance and purposelessness. When errors of judgment in statesmen affect for evil the livelihood and happiness of nearly fifty million souls, it should be the nature of their judgment and not that of their motives which should decide their prestige. Least of all should it be their demeanour to each other. A business directorate does not choose its manager on the ground that he is popular, or likely to be, with managers of rival concerns; and if they heard of his being fêted by them they would get rid of him without hesitation. Clean politics is stern business, and has no room for the hail-fellow-well-met politician. The courtesies of public life at present are the scum of dirty politics. Against such background of democratic stagnancy Mussolini stands forth almost as the superman. His friends are his friends, and his enemies his enemies. Unfortunately for him, he is incurring the risk of straining the spirit of the rules of government without the least chance of success, which can only come as a result of altering the rules themselves. The enmities he arouses are not worth arousing, or would not be but for the fact that the more intense they become the more quickly will the merits or demerits of his policy reveal themselves. In this country our politicians have only one policy, to keep the peace among themselves by abjuring contradictory policies of any sort; and but for the certainty that economic facts will blow them out of their cowardly lethargy we should be in the same condition a century hence as now.

The pensioning off of Lord Oxford by cosmopolitan finance may have two good effects. It may enable Lady Oxford to discontinue writing articles for the *Daily Mail*—which would only be common decency in view of Lord Beaverbrook's contribution to the fund. It may also enable Lord Oxford to settle down to a systematic study of the New Economics.

Recent Poetry.

SHERARD VINES.

In a note to "The Pyramid,"* by Sherard Vines, the author gives thanks to the editors of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, and the Osaka *Mainichi* for permission to reprint some of the verse contained in the book. The acknowledgment simply means that about a tenth of the most vital and significant work in contemporary English poetry has been appearing in Japan, while our endless array of English periodicals have been publishing—what? A tenth, I say; the remainder is T. S. Eliot, five-twentieths; Sacheverell Sitwell, four-twentieths; Edith Sitwell, Robert Graves, Osbert Sitwell, one-tenth each; Richard Aldington, Bertram Higgins, Edgell Rickword, and Douglas Garman, one-fortieth each; and the Rest, one-twentieth. These are about the proportions. All this is poetry, of course, in which one sees the *wheels* going round; but that is inevitable in the meantime; art has too long concealed art all too completely.

As Massine says, "present-day audiences are tired of the exaggerated manifestations of the grotesque, yet they weary of the formality of classicism. If the audience really appreciates anything with a classical tendency it is because it is placed in a programme in which the grotesque predominates to a very large degree. It seems to me that modern life, moving at an ever-increasing speed, is in itself grotesque, and that the images of constantly varied experiences become blurred and distorted in the mind. When our lives moved more slowly, the simplest mind was able to appreciate and respond to classic beauty, for life was as simple as art itself."

This is only another way of saying what Edwin Muir says:—

"In a stable order of society or in solitude men may listen to their feelings without much question, for these feelings correspond to the situation; they have a sort of suitability. But where change is very rapid our reactions tend to become obsolete before we realise it. So it was inevitable that we should have in contemporary literature a general distrust of the feelings, a conditional or ironical presentation of them, and sometimes a frank reduction to their lowest factors."

Essentially a straightforward poet, Sherard Vines belongs to a little company who are to some small extent succeeding in providing an "adequate literary equivalent in England for the impressive organisation and intellectual content of the modern movement in painting," and pioneering towards a provision of that intelligence the lack of which at certain crises in the history of poetry since Baudelaire has robbed poetry, not only of its priority, but almost of its place in respect of the significant development of human evolution altogether. Like his fellows he is essentially unpopular, i.e., a minor poet—incapable of vindicating Poetry's claim. But at least his verse, like that of the others I have named, reaches out into the vanguard of contemporary sensibility. Certainly so far it shows no capacity for hegemony and little even for catalysis. It is there, *in* the vanguard rather than *of* it; borne with it, hither and thither, as the other elements determine, always "playing second fiddle" to one or other of them; lacking, too, the mobility, the front-line ubiquity of painting and music and their mutually-helpful autonomy of attack on the common objectives. It is comparatively self-conscious, restricted, maladroit, suffering from an inferiority complex—yet how far in advance these few are of the great mob of contemporary English rhymsters, bogged, as Edith Sitwell says, in hopeless clichés!

"Read Laforgue's *Hamlet*, or even his *Solo de Lune*, since this is in verse," says R. L. Megroz, in his book on the Sitwells, "and then read T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The difference in the two hardly measures the increased dimensions of the tragic irony of the fact that the spiritual chaos has grown wilder. The mood, mingled disillusionment, diffidence, cynicism, flippancy, and recurring hints of some *Ultima Thule* of the spirit, is the same." And he quotes Huneker's description of Laforgue as "a metaphysician complicated by a poet—he promenades his incertitudes, sings the sorrows and complaints of a world peopled by fantastic souls, clowns, somnambulists, satyrs, poets, harlots, dainty girls, Cheret posters, pierrots, kings of psychopathic tastes, blithe birds and sad-coloured cemeteries." Vines is for the most part a continuation of Laforgue—a Laforgue who has survived the Great War (but not the effects of it, of some of which, however, he is all the better as Milton and Whitman were of their non-combatant experiences) and become a naturalised Englishman, living in Japan. "The Pyramid" is full of philological, prosodic and didactic, if less of poetic, interests of a rare and refreshing kind; treasure trove for a literary Lord Carnarvon a century hence. Its author has quick wits, a fine vocabulary of words and of ideas, and a lively conceited Hudibrastic technique. But, on the whole, unfortunately his work lies nearer Laforgue's than Rimbaud's; there is too much *paradis artificiel* about it. He too often

> "Bows with that smile a skull
> Alone displays in full,"

or, in a desperate effort to be "no dainty dolce affetuoso" finds himself

> "Alone with Nothing
> But my own vermin and base corporal parts,"

and all too seldom can he really claim to

> "Pawn our threadbare tawdry hours
> For hardier powers,
> And close in turbulent debate
> About this new-got capital and what
> It may achieve and how become
> Our mature bulk and equilibrium."

At its best, however, his work deserves what Edmund Blunden says of it in a prefatory verse:—

> "Long in the shade of country cots I've lain,
> And now I'm rapt abroad and fly in a rain
> Of fine free atomies, or light, sound, smell
> Or all conspiring in a miracle,"

for ever and again in the midst of his lapses he remembers that

> "Now is the time to break with one
> Sure thrust and quick, before the chance is gone
> Your window of but two dimensions.
> Then freely pass the breathing floods
> Of counterpoint, and you may hear at once
> White histories of the day and serene moods
> On chords that, globe like, sail across
> An air as palpable as moss
> Brave with new salt, wholesome to tread."

and deploys

> "Atmospheres for wings yet uncreated."

HUGH MCDIARMID.

* "The Pyramid." By Sherard Vines. (Cobden Sanderson. 5s.)

An Old Fogey's Books.

By "Old and Crusted."

Moreover, since books are the aptest teachers, . . . it is fitting to bestow on them the honour and the affection that we owe to our teachers.

(The *Philobiblon* of Richard de Bury.)

It is years since the books had a thorough dusting. After that fatal August heralded an era of disorganisation and reduced service into so many well-ordered homes, a casual flick with a duster or feather brush has been the extent of the attention devoted to the toilet of these old friends and silent witnesses to the passing of time. Let it be admitted at once that no blame attaches to the lady of the house, who, in the most strenuous days, has always seen to it that the contents of the library, other than the books, receive their daily, weekly, and yearly lustrations, but it is a clause in the domestic peace treaty, scrupulously observed by the high contracting parties, that no housemaid, however neat-handed, shall ever touch the library shelves. It is the master who is responsible for the inadequate flickings and perfunctory dusting.

Now " library " is perhaps too grandiloquent a name to give to the one living-room in a whilom Jacobean farmhouse whose walls are lined with a medley of books, gathered together during a lifetime of desultory reading. As for their character, this is no scholarly collection of learned tomes; in terms of money their value is trifling; there is not a volume that a " collector " would look at twice; but there is a wonderful assortment of readable stuff, and they are very precious to their owner. How is it, by the way, that a man may run a car on a flagrantly exiguous income, smoke expensive cigars, drink '87 port, belong to several golf clubs, and yet retain the reputation of a sound economist, whilst, if he spends 5 per cent. of his earnings on books he is written down an ass and a spendthrift by all his relations? But so it is.

To return to the dusting. The search for a missing vol., which had been carelessly pushed to the back of a shelf, revealed a grimy, cobwebby condition that permitted of no further procrastination, so many afternoon naps were sacrificed to making good the remissness of years—and with unexpected results. As so often happens, the resolute grappling of, and persistent sticking to, a self-imposed task brought its own reward. To begin with, this was the manner of the purification. There are two exits from the " library " of " the Old Hall "—to give this secluded cottage its local name—one facing east, opening into a small room, from which it is but a step into the garden, and another on the west side, where a medieval nail-studded oak door, belonging to an earlier building, leads into a stone-flagged porch. On fine days a small table was taken into the garden, and the purification done where the accumulated dust could be dispersed without arousing the just anger of herself. On wet days, the porch, with its low seat on either side, provided not only a solid working-bench, but a comfortable lounge, for, mark you—the cleansing of some four thousand volumes is an undertaking demanding stated intervals of rest, and the consolation of a pint tankard of nut-brown ale. The evocation of a pleasing thirst is one of the minor compensations of a dusty job, and the right stingo is still to be had in the county that brewed sturdy October for good Sir Robert of immortal if not incorruptible memory.

But the supreme reward came from the inevitable browsing as vol. after vol. was reverently opened and all traces of neglect carefully removed. Every now and again small slips of paper fell out; some merely marking passages the reader wished to recall, others bearing more or less relevant comments. Many of these slips have been undisturbed for twenty years or more; to read them to-day is as the unexpected meeting with an old friend; awakening a thousand memories, pleasant and sad.

And how do these early predilections stand the test of time? Taking them all round—fairly well. Some of the more sentimental and passionate passages marked at an age when one was subject to " the hot, uncontrolled harlotry of a flaunting, dishevelled enthusiasm," have lost their savour, but most of them retain their charm, and many could be aptly applied to the political confusions and social unrest of to-day. As it happens to be possible to date a few, here are two taken at random. The first from Lecky's " History of European Morals," read in 1892:

> " An age which has ceased to value impartiality of judgment will soon cease to value accuracy of statement.
>
> . . . .
>
> When free nations abdicate their political functions, they gradually lose the capacity and the desire for freedom."

A generation that has produced a Lloyd George and a Mussolini might meditate on these with advantage. The second is from Hutton's " Theological Essays," read in 1903:

> " A small anxiety oppresses a man, if it be only his own uncertain judgment that he trusts."

The passing of a quarter of a century has stamped that with the seal of truth, countersigned by experience.

. . . . . .

When, at last, the dusting reached the shelves where the poets dwell, the work threatened to drag on indefinitely. To open one of these well-thumbed volumes was to evoke the very spirit of procrastination—and here the memories crowded thick and fast.

Now, I am not sure but that we old fogeys, who make no pretence of scholarship and lay no claim to critical aptitude, do not enjoy our desultory browsing amongst the poets more than the fastidious learned do their hypercritical ponderations. Here, at least, is one who does not care a brass farthing whether an obscure author named Margaret Veley be ranked as second- or fifth- rate. He can still read the " Japanese Fan " with pleasure; perhaps the circumstances attending the first reading have something to do with it, but, nevertheless, this author shares with the immortals the supreme virtue of

> " retaining youth, rewarding constancy."

Wedged in amongst the English poets is a little bunch of dumpy black-bound volumes of German verse, printed in wicked type on wretched paper, representing all that is left of certain purchases at twenty pfennigs a time, made in Frankfurt A/M circa 1880. Here again memory distils her bitter-sweet scent, and much of it clings to that sentimental, pastoral poem, Voss's " Luise." Poor, antiquated stuff, if you like, but the old German professor had his share in evoking in the young student

> Dreams and the light imaginings of men
> And all that faith creates or love desires.

Perhaps it is as well that one of the next volumes opened should be a Landor, and at a page which proclaimed a solemn warning to all old day-dreamers. Here you are, brother dreamers:

> " There is a time when the romance of life
> Should be shut up, and closed with double clasps:
> Better that this be done before the dust,
> That none can blow away falls into it."

Which is only a kindly way of saying that there are no fools like old fools. Still, there is consolation for them a little lower down on the same page:

> " God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers
> O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.
> A hundred lights in every temple burn,
> And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn."

And how many shrines there are in the vast fane of English poetry!

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHOLOGY OF COMPLEX TYPES.

Just as Jung* has attempted to convey some of his complex ideas of the workings of the mind by diagrams, it was inevitable that somebody would endeavour, sooner or later, to produce a skeleton of his whole system. It is doubtful whether anyone could have done it better than Joan Corrie, whose ideas are both clear and clearly expressed. For the reader who has made a study of the analytical methods and tentative conclusions of Jung and the other pioneers in the psychology of the unconscious —a necessary phrase though certain opponents of psycho-analysis call it a contradiction in terms—the book is a convenient formalisation of much that is characteristic of Jung. How much it will convey to the reader who lacks prior knowledge is a question that raises a bigger issue.

Chemistry and physics, even relativity, can perhaps be expressed so that a person with a fair education can get some idea what they are all about. The field investigated has for some generations been more or less roughly mapped out in consciousness. Formal intellect as developed in schools and colleges has already dealt with the lines leading to the most modern discoveries. But analytical psychology, psycho-analysis, and individual psychology, to use the titles severally adopted by Jung, Freud, and Adler, investigate a field which is entirely dark except to religion, and which, in consequence of the formalisation of religion—particularly in concentrating the test of its validity on the issue of his toricity—is even darker than it need have been. To make the unconscious conscious there is apparently no short cut. There can be no such thing, in a word, as psycho-analysis for busy men.

It may be agreed as true, sooner or later, that knowledge of analytical psychology is limited by one's power to experience one's own unconscious. What, in psychology, cannot be experienced must remain foreign, since nothing of value can be learned either by rote or by logic. The finished system is rather like the emperor's suit in that the materials are all invisible until one has passed through the process of making it. Thus Freud, Adler, and Jung are, in spite of the extended consciousness of each, attained in advance of his race, recognised by themselves as largely foreigners to one another. None of the three can justly claim to *be* the *representative* man who by reason of his enhanced consciousness is to supersede the present man. Each is a type of man whose particular conception is dominated by variations of experience and of ideal aims. Although each is a scientist striving after exact knowledge of the human mind, in some subtle way the observing instruments—the minds which are observing mind—as well as the minds being observed, differ. In psycho-analysis to a greater degree than in the physical sciences the scientist has a personal equation of which the solution is unknown. One man can be only one man at one time, a fact of considerable importance in a functional society with its nose directed towards " specialisms." Whoever he may be at any one time, there are a hundred possible men not entirely dormant in his unconscious. The object of Jung is to make the individual express, of all possible men within him, the one most truly himself. Jung's probing of the unconscious is a kind of communing with one's ancestors in one's search for the blue-bird.

But the task of discovering how to clean up the mind has necessitated for Jung an endeavour after something approaching omniscience. He could not, like Freud, discover a reductive technique and stick to it, depending for results on the organic vitality of the patient. He could not, like Adler, view the individual in relation to his particular society and culture, strip him of his unworthy aims within that culture, and send him on his way rejoicing. Jung, undergoing the whole range of experience within himself, and having continually to fight for that objectivity of self and world innate in Freud, found the mind he was examining grow more complex the more he knew about it. One does not gather from the Freudian that the peasant differs much from the University student or the professional woman except in the quantity of their repressions. . . . To Jung, the more civilised the individual the more differentiated the consciousness, and the more delicate, the more in need of care in adjustment, the consequences in the unconscious.

Because a man has vastly more possibilities than he can realise, some vital possibilities are ever in danger of being atrophied while others are overworked. By falling under the dominion of a particular faculty to a high enough degree a highly educated person can, while seeming to himself right in all he does, be a danger and a foreigner to all about him. For Jung, therefore, that a person has the defects of his qualities is not merely a fact to be noted and passed by; it is an explicable truth to be used in preventing the defects and qualities from reaching that gulf apart which is neurosis or insanity, or which makes the person a nuisance to himself and all about him. Jung would take the melancholy out of Blake's question, Why was I born with a different face? A sensation-extravert, for example, can talk easily on every question. Whatever speculation you suggest to him, or new relationship of concepts, he answers with a fact, which he expects to clinch the matter. It never so much as occurs to him that the fact requires to be linked with the idea. The link exists somewhere in his mind, of course, but he is entirely unconscious of making it, and he is liable to be intolerant of any company in which the link does not simply *happen*. Such a person has rarely any self-knowledge whatever; and while his qualities are of immense value in the world, his defects are so difficult to manage that he sometimes, with a perfectly good conscience and a sincere contempt for the company, makes trouble wherever he goes. When Emerson remarked that the Englishman kisses the dust before a fact, he was unconsciously selecting for intuitive comment that section of the English people—it is larger than it should be—whom Jung would call sensation-extraverts.

The introvert, experiencing within his own mind all the ramifications of the world without, only able to arrive at another person's motives by testing them within himself, knows how intricate every question of truth is. On every issue he is invaded by a multitude of related issues which complicate the problem and tie his tongue. To arrive at a philosophy is a long, arduous task, in which nothing can be left out of account. The extravert, on the other hand, easily flowing over, settling each question out of hand so far as he needs a settlement, appears to the introvert superficial, childishly unaware of the truths he so easily speaks, and unforgivably ignorant of many other truths that ought to modify his ready dogmatism; while the introvert appears to the extravert like a foolish fellow who will not break free from the thousand entanglements which can be of no vital importance to anyone, and which seem to serve only to throw sand into the mechanism of society.

In showing us more than one sort of person, the introvert and the extravert, and in indicating that there are at least four cardinal types of each of these, in which the mind is orientated by intuition, intellect, feeling, or sensation respectively, Jung has made a contribution to analytical psychology of great value. Introvert as he confesses himself, he has prevented the premature simplification of man, and at the same time laid the lines towards a better mutual understanding among individuals whose dis-

* A B C of Jung's Psychology. Joan Corrie. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

agreements are not always due to conscious hypocrisies, but often to attitudes of mind which, originally adopted because of their life-value, became fixed in their defects as in their qualities. Having brought so much into consciousness, Jung has furnished the means not only for understanding, but for self-correction. After a hundred years, however, in which a continent has set supreme value on intellectual (the world as reason) or sensational (the world as appearance) extraversion, to the engulfment of the religious check on one-sided development, the pearls which Jung has to show can be seen only after a period of self-immersion in his experience.

R. M.

Drama.

The Father: Everyman.

The Everyman Theatre has once more stepped into the breach. At no other theatre in London—among those still open—can one witness anything but English or American work. With "The Father," by Strindberg, the Everyman Theatre opens the gates of London again to the dramatic art of Europe. If that were all, the management would be entitled to congratulation, but it is by no means all. "The Father" is a finely constructed play, before which—the characters being given—the audience does not at any point question their conduct or the sequence of events. The witness may be appalled, silenced, or roused, but he will not be able to exercise logical criticism. Further, it is, besides being a drama of characters with souls and egos, a play of ideas in which the ideas are universals. Further still, it is magnificently produced and performed. May it succeed to such a degree as to cast doubt into every manager's mind on the question of whether the theatre-goer is more likely to be attracted even in summer by ginger-pop or strong drink.

Although the characters are clearly drawn, complex as human beings and not simplified as types, the chief figures are in a sense archetypes. It is enough that the father is the father, and the mother the mother. They do not need names, since they fight out to its uttermost conclusion the age-long battle between parents as to which of the two individualities shall escape mortality through the child, and which shall perish without seed. The play has not much plot—it is too much like the essence of life for that, but it has a theme, as simple as daylight to state and as dark as midnight to determine. Man, highly civilised and sensitised, may have grown as weak as Adolph, and woman, savage and unconscious, may be the devil to whom he sells his soul for a little bliss and possession. Yet one cherishes the impression that there are men as unconscious, relentless, and savage, as woman, and women as differentiated and sensitised as men; which is not, however, to say that Strindberg was wrong so much as that he painted in primary colours with knife-edges.

The father, scientist, and disbeliever in any personal immortality, had substituted for his religious longings the fantasy that his daughter, bone of his bone, soul of his soul, and spirit of his spirit, provided the vehicle in which he could re-live ideally, by directing her education and life beyond the traps of falsehood and superstition to free self-reliance. With a history of surrender to his wife behind him here he would fight to the last ditch. Excusing a soldier convicted of illegitimate paternity solely on the word of the girl, he almost absent-mindedly echoed a fact which has disturbed so many thoughtful fathers—the fact that paternity cannot be proved. Who one's mother was has at some time been demonstrable on evidence of the first degree; who one's father was, whether known to one's mother or not, depends absolutely on her testimony so far as anyone else's knowing is concerned, unless one cares to call in clairvoyants.

Laura argued against her husband's legal claim the obvious one-ness of mother and child; failing, however, with the ethical and biological case to move the man, she then fiendishly threw his one sure faith into the melting-pot by casting doubt on his fatherhood of their own child. With the loss of his fantasy he gradually lost his reason, and although all the men in the play knew who was the witch, and sided in their hearts with Adolph, they carried the white flag before Laura. All the women were with her by instinct deeper than love. Finally, deceived by his one friend, his old nurse, Margaret, into believing himself re-acting an escapade of his childhood, Adolph was strait-jacketed for the asylum, only to die, before the time for removal, on his nurse's breast.

Perhaps this conception of the demoniacal mother who has no use for the father after her child reaches adolescence—unless he is content to be a subservient worker—is the obsession of an unbalanced mind in a man whose own marital experience was abnormal. Perhaps, on the contrary, no man has yet tested the question to extremity and lived—the multitude have given in. For thousands of years men in general, and particular races intensively, have exulted in the pride of paternity. Men of many primitive peoples go to bed at their wives' parturitions, either because, as psychologists and anthropologists suggest, they also are in sympathetic pain, or because, by lying-in and inducing the pain in themselves, they hope to strengthen their conviction of the share in parenthood, on which their legal rights depend. Only recently has law been amended to give the mother any property rights whatever in her children. Descent has been for as far back as civilisation is reckoned—and still is—determined through the male, except in horses, where both male and female count. Yet it is a clever child that knows its father; and a prudent father that does not question his child. Behind the fate that turns the father in this play, one of whose traits is the inability to bear uncertainty, into a madman, Strindberg builds his mighty irony. At the same time as the scientific animal's greatest pride is in being a sire, his greatest disgrace and most unbearable ridicule is to father the seed of another; and nobody but the mother, who is known for the most cunning liar in creation, can tell.

Robert Loraine's performance as the father was a sustained triumph in a character worthy of it, a performance that added to rather than detracted from romantic memories of his work. His madness grew with the mercilessness of malignant disease. The scene in which he threw the lighted lamp at his wife after being goaded by taunts regarding the relative strength of their wills, brought the thrill of entire dramatic conviction. Dorothy Dix as the mother, and Haidee Wright, as the nurse, were both first class, Dorothy Dix's devilry being superb. Haidee Wright's nurses are invariably creations, but do not often provide such an opportunity as that scene of her waiting up alone for the father to return from his impulsive ride out after a quarrel with his wife. Here was the truly unconscious villain, the feminine Judas of the piece, reading her puritan religious solace, while she combined foster-mothering the man with betraying him. She looked like the Christian picture of the martyrdom of the mother. It was a brief scene, with only one person on the stage, but the effect was perfect. Again, in the scene in which she decoyed the lunatic into the strait-jacket, her acting, in a character the revelation of which awoke abhorrence, rendered one not the spectator of a play but a powerless witness of life. The minor parts are in general competently performed, Maisie Darrell as the daughter, Bertha, rising at times to brilliance.

As the pastor, Douglas Ross was made up a little young, and, failed to maintain throughout the voice he adopted for the priestly character. Lawrence Hanray's Dr. Ostermark seemed a little too professional for the circumstances.

"The Father" was preceded by Shaw's "Overruled," brilliant back-chat introducing all of Shaw's ideas about love, husbands, wives, Englishmen, professional dishonour, and puritanism, so much one on top of the other as to make them appear clichés; it introduced also the moral self-torture which all his lovers have to suffer for his hesitation between creation and eternal conscious individuality. By comparison with the play of ideas of genius which followed it was tinsel. It was, nevertheless, a suitable choice for curtain-raiser, since what came after was entirely satisfying.

PAUL BANKS.

The Law of Similars.

By J. W. Gibbon.

Independent testimony is the more valuable to a derided system such as Hahnemann's. A treatise by Dr. Bier,* a prominent Berlin surgeon of to-day, is of undoubted importance in this respect; and is admirable as a non-Hahnemannian exposition of homoeopathy, meaning that Dr. Bier's original deductions establishing the soundness of the law of similars were not based on the teaching of Hahnemann and his followers, but on the clinical practice of himself and his assistants in a field of therapy somewhat different from that in which Hahnemann laboured. In his study and practice of the administration of irritants as curative agents Dr. Bier re-discovered the law of similars independently. Only after his attention had been drawn to Hahnemann's teachings by the pharmacologist Hugo Schulz did Dr. Bier study the works of the homoeopaths, to find their methods and his own identical in principle; and he remarks that had he done so thirty years earlier he would "have been spared a great many errors and detours."

Dr. Bier's use of the term "irritants" is perhaps not quite happy, as it is apt to conjure up in the lay mind visions of irritant poisons and malignant growths. Dr. Schmahl, Bier's translator, suggests the term "medicinal stimulus" instead of "irritant." Such stimuli Dr. Bier found to produce the same results whether administered internally or by injection.

As Dr. Bier's method, styled irritant-therapy, involves injection of foreign proteins, usually animal blood, he devotes some consideration to the exact bodily changes thus caused. In 1900 Dr. Bier contested the prevailing theory of animal-blood transfusion, which held that the animal blood merely substituted the human blood, and by assimilation made good any deficiency therein. Actually, he contended, the effect was not a commingling of the two, but a disintegration of the human blood caused by the assault of the foreign element. Following disintegration came the natural reaction of the human organism in the form of effort to repair the damage, characterised by the symptoms of fever and inflammation. This is in thorough accord with the contention of Schulz, a disciple of the Hahnemann school, that most, if not all, remedies do not act by metabolism, i.e., are not assimilated chemically by the body, but act as irritants, and the resultant effort to eject them reinforces the body's efforts to repel the disease under treatment. An example from the homoeopathic nosodes will illustrate the principle. A nosode is a disease product, and, as such, is the homoeopathic equivalent of the serums and vaccines used in orthodox practice to-day, the debt thereby due to homoeopathy for the original idea being usually unacknowledged. If a germ disease is involved, the disease product naturally used is the germ itself. First, the bacilli are isolated, then modified by being killed and sterilised, and finally prepared for oral administration by the routine method of trituration with sugar of milk. Tuberculinum, a nosode so prepared from tubercle bacilli, is often effective in tubercular disease. It cannot reasonably be contended that on entering the human body the dead germs fight and subdue the living ones. The only tenable theory seems to be that the added effort imposed upon the body to eject the additional foreign substance reinforces its attack on the active bacilli. Both Hahnemann and Bier, it will be seen, thus dissociate themselves from the germ theory of the causation of the disease. The latter states: "Bacteria are of secondary importance in infections; a healthy individual does not become infected." Though I have not the reference available at the moment, I believe another authority phrased it: "The host constitutes the problem, not the germ."

Irritant-therapy in relation to fevers and to acute chronic inflammatory conditions is reviewed in some detail in Dr. Bier's essay. Obviously the aim of the physician ought to be to apply such curative means as will avoid general bodily disturbance while achieving the greatest degree possible of specific action upon the diseased region. This postulate immediately plunges the investigator into the issue: large dose versus small. Clinical experience in Dr. Bier's inquiries has shown that where acute inflammation exists, the body responds by producing as intense a fever as it is capable of, and the administration of a large dose of irritant, while unable to intensify the febrile symptoms, may lead to grave complications. If the conditions are not acute, but either sub-acute or chronic, all that a large dose achieves is general feverish reaction of the body, without any specific action on the diseased tissues or disordered organs. Should the appropriate remedy be administered in minute dosage, however, the general reaction is seldom noticeable, while the reaction of the affected area is unmistakable, thus demonstrating that only the small dose is specific to the seat of the disease.

As nothing else in homoeopathy has so provoked the laughter of the undiscerning as the question of minuteness of doses, further testimony from Dr. Bier may be adduced to stress what is undeniably an important issue. He quotes the Arndt-Schulz law that small doses stimulate while large doses inhibit. Sir Jagadis Bose's experiments led to a similar conclusion, for he found that while large doses of poison might kill living tissues, ordinary doses would merely inhibit, while minute doses would stimulate their activity. The case of arsenic and yeast may be familiar. If to a sugary solution in which yeast is fermenting arsenic of a strength of 1 in 1,000 is added, fermentation ceases. By reducing the strength of the arsenic to 1 in 3,000/5,000, fermentation is hindered, but not arrested. By further reducing the arsenic to 1 in 10,000, or less, fermentation is actually stimulated. To return to Dr. Bier, after alluding to the extreme sensitivity of diseased tissues and organs, he states that "it requires 250,000 times as much formic acid to produce symptoms in the healthy as it does in the gouty." While doses of such size were required to affect the healthy, their action on the unhealthy may be understood from Dr. Bier's statement: "Several cases of chronic and sub-acute arthritis suffered a terrific aggravation due to large doses given in other quarters, which in a short time made hopeless cripples out of previously fairly ambulatory patients." Thus the adoption of minute doses in Dr. Bier's investigations was dictated by severely practical considerations, not by blind adherence to Hahnemannian tenets. There need be little

* *What Shall be Our Attitude Toward Homœopathy?* By Dr. August Bier. (Philadelphia, Pa.: Boericke and Tapel.)

doubt about the therapeutic effectiveness of the infinitesimal dose. Apart from the super-abundant clinical experience upon the point, Dr. Boyd, of Glasgow, has by his emanometer technique satisfied investigators not of the homoeopathic school that highly attenuated drugs give off emanations or cause reactions capable of accurate scientific measurement.

Initial aggravation of symptoms following drug administration, though sometimes temporarily distressing to the patient, was formerly looked upon as inseparable from homoeopathic practice, and was indeed regarded as a sure sign that the correct remedy had been chosen. Dr. Bier confirms the later experience of homoeopaths that with the refinement possible to the higher attenuations of medicine, such aggravation has ceased to be characteristic of the course of medication without decrease in curative effect.

Remarkable coincidence is displayed not only between the fundamental principles but also between the incidental details of Hahnemann's and Bier's respective findings. Apart from the instances already mentioned, one or two others may be referred to. In both cases it is found necessary to stress the importance of waiting till the effect of one dose has ceased completely before administering the next, otherwise curative action is interrupted or destroyed. Where the complaint is intractable, and the diseased part lacks response to the indicated remedy, or where after a long period of medication reaction to the remedy ceases, resource to another suitable medicinal stimulus will render the tissues susceptible to the normal agent. Sulphur in homoeopathic attenuation is especially useful in many cases of this nature. Many medicines have a particular selective affinity for particular parts of the body. Sulphur's affinity for the skin, and capsicum's for the mastoid process, are only two of numerous instances. Remedies also possess an individuality of action, varying with the age, constitution, condition, and personal idiosyncrasies of the patient.

In effect, Dr. Bier discovered anew the therapeutic law of similars formulated by Hahnemann, "similia similibus curantur"—let likes be treated by likes. Apart from his distinction as a surgeon, he is widely known as an investigator in several subjects allied to medicine. He leaves no room for doubt of the value of Hahnemann's teachings. It is understood that Dr. Bier's accession to the homoeopathic ranks caused a sensation in the allopathic school in Germany, and later gave a fillip to interest in homoeopathy that has led to a great increase in the number of homoeopathic practitioners and students in that country. In view of Dr. Bier's own achievements before he learnt anything of homoeopathy as such, it is not a far-fetched conception to postulate that had Hahnemann never lived, Dr. Bier might have been the founder of the homoeopathic system. His investigations have yielded outstanding corroboration of the therapeutic principles enunciated earlier by Hahnemann and his followers, and if an epitaph were required for Hahnemann, this dictum of Dr. Bier would serve: "Homoeopathy is not the nonsense which it is branded."

ON THE FICKLENESS OF FORTUNE.

(After Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, 1536-1607.)

A wretch in haste the rope to knot
Round his own neck, beheld a hoard
Of hidden gold. He took the lot,
But left behind his hempen cord.

The miser finding not a speck
Of all the gold he'd hidden there,
Drew tight the noose about his neck
And hanged himself in his despair.

WILFRID THORLEY.

A Tramp Royal.

"How much are we to believe of that chap?" I asked. "Exactly as much as you please," was the reply.

But the man in question was an amusing and companionable fellow, and we later entertained each other very happily for a fortnight. He had turned up one night, casually, as was the custom, but on foot, which was unusual, at a runholder's house on the other side of the Bay, which I happened to be visiting. My host and his brother, not knowing quite what to make of him, had kept him in the smoke room apart from the family, and had found him good company. I did not make his acquaintance till bed time, when, as we had to share the same room, we talked pleasantly for a long time of the people he had stayed with on his long tramp through the bush, and of certain people on whom he proposed to call further on.

Weeks later, having called at our family station and borrowed a pony of mine from my brother, he arrived up country. In those days you turned up unasked, unannounced, even quite unacquainted, and stayed till you wanted to go. Visitors were rare with me, and consequently welcome; and as it was a slack time on the run we proceeded to yarn and sing and shoot, do odd jobs and enjoy ourselves. I was papering my new quarters. The ends of the main room required in the centre very long strips, and the paper, of a bold design, had to be very carefully adjusted at the joins. When you see a skilled paper-hanger at work how easy it all seems; but we were new at it. We would get one of those long strips properly trimmed and well pasted at the back, and have started fixing it at the bottom. By the time we were on the ladder and halfway up we would find it either out of plumb or out of register, and it would be necessary to begin again. When at last it seemed well on, nearly to the top, the whole length of limp wet paper—by this time pretty well pasted on both sides—would come flopping down all over the two of us, sometimes tearing softly in pieces in the general collapse. We stuck at it to a finish, but never in my life have I heard anyone swear like our dubious friend during the merry and agitating progress of that work. He said he had been in the navy, and I was inclined to believe him. His story was that he had left the sea after being nearly killed in a boat expedition, pirate hunting on the China station, and he certainly had terrible wound scars on his body to show for it.

Navy or no, he had certainly never been in the cavalry, for on a horse he was naught. I remember once when we were climbing up an exceedingly steep razor-back ridge, he, riding a big horse, found it impossible to hold on, and, wildly struggling, came off over the tail, in a thick murk of impassioned profanity, down, whop, at my horse's feet. Though a heavy man, he was unhurt and soon quite calm again—he was never out of temper for more than half a minute. He never had to ride *down* that track in wet weather, as we often did, when our horses put all four feet together and slid the 40 yards at one shoot, with a most unpleasant drop yawning on either side.

The papering finished, we went eeling in the rapid, bush-edged river, and he taught me to cook the big white-bellied river eels so that they became the most delicate fish I have ever tasted. He split and salted them, smoked them in an old tar drum, cut them in lengths, and grilled them in their skins. To make a long story short, after a fortnight of such delights, he borrowed a fiver and went down to the little coast township for a couple of nights. Returning, much changed for the worse, rather maudlin and besotted, and not feeling quite so comfortable with me as before, he soon started off the way he had come to return my horse to my brother. He avoided our run, however, and went direct to Gisborne, our sea-port. There, being recognised by a publican, he thought best to make no stay, but rode on out of the district, down the coast.

Reaching town the following week I heard all about this, and was advised to let well alone, as people would laugh at me and my fine friend and my lost fiver. "Don't care a tinker's damn for that," I said. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of and I want my pony back."

So they sent off, on a great powerful charger, a little trooper of the Mounted Constabulary, with a photo I had taken in his pocket, who overtook and identified the runaway in a couple of days and invited him to return.

Now little Tietripe, my piebald pony, had some good points, a good fast walk, for example, a not uncomfortable amble, and any quantity of spirit, but her gallop left all your longer "innards" in inextricable knots. The little trooper told me on his return that he had had to canter a good deal

to make up time and that this meant galloping for the pony and continuous howls and curses and yells for mercy from poor Blakeney. So when I had attended court and received back in good order my pony and saddle I felt I was quite square with the absconder and bore him no longer any sort of malice.

They appointed a man to defend him, who, looking through the indictment, at once pointed out that there was no such crime as therein particularised—"attempted larceny of a horse." Prisoner was forthwith discharged and I went back to the club. Presently the police sergeant came along with an amended charge for me to sign. "Oh, no you don't," says I. "I've got my pony and saddle. I bear no grudge to Blakeney, who was worth my fiver, and I'm not going into your bally old court to be made a fool of for nothing, not likely. It's no longer my funeral. Now have a drink and get out of this."

From the publican who had recognised him, and from occasional stories chucklingly told me by people from other districts, I later on arrived at a pretty fair notion as to the way of life of my fortnight's companion.

Making himself very pleasant all round in one district, he would carefully treasure up any scraps of information he could casually come by, as to the settlers in the next. When he moved on, these details, cleverly used, soon put him on easy terms with his surroundings, and so changing from one place to another he had lived on the country quite happily for years. His amusing company, when he kept off liquor, was usually well worth his keep, and he schemed neither to cheat nor rob, but only to live in peace. Never, as far as I could gather, had he forged a cheque for more than a pound and that only in a case of urgent necessity. Very seldom did he leave any bitterness or real ill-feeling behind him and never at all in the minds of people with any sense of humour. Looking back to his stay with me I could see that he had the tact of a long-whiskered cat in the dark in avoiding awkward subjects. I remember chaffing him as to the possibility of the police being on the look out for him and on other uncomfortable matters, but he always came out of such conversations quite unperturbed and smiling. He had picked up some information as to my own folk in England which he used with effect; how he could have got it I have never been able even to imagine.

By long practice he could judge character almost at first sight. On leaving Gisborne he put up at a station where his hostess was a very sentimental lady. She told me later, almost with tears in her eyes, that he had been looking at a picture in an illustrated paper of a garden party at Buckingham Palace, when he had suddenly risen and gone to the window, where she could see by his back and shoulders that he was convulsed with emotion. He had seen, prominent in that distinguished throng, the figure of his brother, and family affection and the thought of his now so fallen state had quite mastered him! He was made very comfortable at that station!

Me he had pleased with a very subtle form of flattery. He put on no great airs; he was just a poor navy man, invalided out of the Service, stony broke until the next instalment of his very meagre pension would fall due.

I would have given much to have known his real history, but I never learnt it.

In the South Island, some years before, when times were bad, and most of the run-holders eager to sell out, he had appeared in a rather out of the way district as Lord Something or other, Abney, let us say, and had put up at the best hotel. He managed somehow to fool the local bank manager, a cringing snob, and giving out that he wanted to buy a run, had a royal time of it. He was taken all over the country to lunches and dinners and dances and country races galore, the bank manager often in subservient attendance. One day, when the wagonette pulled up, this man rushed forward before everyone with an "Allow me, my lord," to give him the help of his shoulder to descend. The echoes of that unfortunate remark pursued him for the rest of his life. But that is by the way.

This happy state of things had gone on for some time, when, feeling it could not last for ever, Lord Abney sent for the landlord of the hotel. "Look here, Tompkins," he said, "I've been receiving a lot of hospitality round here lately, and its getting time for me to do something in return. Arrange me a real first-class lunch for a large party of my friends on such a day, everything to be done as well as you can possibly do it." The hotel was agreeable and spread itself to do him proud.

On the night before the great occasion he called the landlady and told her that he was rather out of sorts with all this social racket, and needed complete rest so as to be at his best the next day. "Let me," he said, "have a perfectly quiet night. Don't let a soul come into my part of the house, let there be absolute silence here till I am called at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

But when the guests came to town there was no Lord Abney, but a shepherd reported having met at dawn, ten miles out, some one very like him, footslogging toward the next district. In his big box were bricks.

And that bank manager had a *very* unhappy time.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

Reviews.

TWO BOOKS ON IRELAND.

Recollections of the Irish War. By Darrell Figgis. (Benn. 16s.)

Porcelain. (The Soul of Ireland.) By John Mackay. (Benn. 10s.)

The pitiful end of Darrell Figgis is presumably all forgotten now, and it is better so. Could he himself have foreseen it, his tragedy would have crushed him. For it was the only sordid thing that ever overcame his soul. You see him in this keen and eager tale of Ireland's strange adventure towards freedom, passionate in faith, bold in action, but too much of the artist to play the politician. Therein lies his antagonism towards Michael Collins, of whom he makes no mention until near the end, and then draws him ruthless, harsh and tricky, without a touch of romance, a realist intriguer in the transatlantic style of his race. And he does not mention the Countess Markievicz at all. This and the entire absence of bitterness against Englishmen as such—indeed, he finds cause again and again to commend their personal courtesy and hatred of the things which were being done in their name—shows how clearly he set his mind to the task of being just and proportionate, and how he failed when some repellant trait or intolerable lack of quality offended against his sight. Being a poet, he writes at times tediously, but often with rare and polished beauty. Had he lived he must have retired from the part in Irish politics, which the work he did for his country entitled him to play, for he was an artist who could never take refuge from ugliness in a hermit's shell.

* * *

Mr. Mackay, half-Sterne, half-Stevenson, but more obscure than either and more patchily pretentious of his reading, is also a poet, and writes a poet's book as he travels hither and thither with his donkey into the magic and forgotten places. By deliberate circumlocution, which he may think escapes awkwardness—though in this confidence he is wrong—he chafes and irritates us most unworthily, sore as we are already with his mis-spellings—"Poloma" and "Hazlett" are two taken at random—and his sought-out Frenchiness and Latinism, though we must forgive him his Erse for lack of knowledge to check it off. But he meets Beauty by the roadside, and doffs his cap to her. So we must even doff our own to him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S BOX.

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article which appeared in your paper for the 28th ult. dealing with the Southcott box which was sent to us for opening. The Psychical Research Society is mentioned in the article, but this society had nothing whatever to do with the box. The box was sent to the National Laboratory of Psychical Research for opening, and this we did in due course. The Psychical Research Society is an entirely different association, and is not connected with us in any way.

HARRY PRICE.
Honorary Director
National Laboratory of Psychical Research.

FOREIGN TRADE.

Sir,—I cry "Hear! Hear!" to Mr. W. H. McKenna's "Delenda est Carthago."

"England is dependent on her foreign trade."

The men who "made England what she is," viz., dependent on her foreign trade, are in their graves. We cannot scrag them now.

But what about those who want to keep England dependent on her foreign trade?

HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

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The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

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